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CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — APPENDIX

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approximately \$300,000 a year, financed in large measure by grants. In addition, its School of Nursing draws students from as far as Egypt and Lithuania, while its medical education program embraces postgraduate training for practicing physicians and dentists as well as on-the-job training for residents, interns and technicians.

Einstein Medical Center is one of the few teaching hospitals that have filled and continue to fill their annual intern quota. That alone, in the field of medicine, is a solid claim to fame.

Foreign Loan Assistance

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. JOHN F. KENNEDY

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Thursday, June 4, 1959

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the RECORD a column and article recently published in the Christian Science Monitor on the need for an enlarged and more durable program of foreign loan assistance. I believe that both indicate the strong desirability of enacting the proposals which Senator FULBRIGHT has introduced as amendments to the Mutual Security Act.

There being no objection, the column and article were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Christian Science Monitor, May 4, 1959]

FULBRIGHT'S 5-YEAR PLAN

From his opposition seat Senator FULBRIGHT has offered to rescue the President's extremely useful foreign Development Loan Fund from the yearly ravages of last-minute budget slashing. The President has responded with guarded approval.

We hope the administration will do more than this—despite the "made by Democrats" label on the Fulbright foreign aid bill amendments.

What Senator FULBRIGHT urges is to put the Loan—yes, loan—Fund on a long-term basis. He proposes that up to \$7.5 billion be made available for development loans during the coming 5-year period.

He further proposes to permit the administration a much wider latitude to play the world situation as it comes by permitting the President to transfer as much as 30 percent of military assistance funds to economic aid where circumstances warrant.

The key point to these Fulbright amendments is that they are permissive rather than demanding. They would strengthen the administration's hand in foreign policy by permitting it to make long-range plans; permitting it to use up to \$1.5 billion a year in loans; permitting it to control the balance between military and economic support in accordance with the needs of the day.

The Development Loan Fund is more than a corporate Good Samaritan. It is a natural development of the fact that the United States is now the world's leading creditor Nation, and that at least a portion of that credit capital is put to its most productive use as an adjunct to peaceful diplomacy.

If the fund is to be treated as the poor brother to every pork-barrel program in Congress, America's sometimes hesitant friends overseas will be left no alternative but to turn to the Hammer and Sickle Finance Company with its easy credit terms—and who knows how long to pay?

[From the Christian Science Monitor, May 5, 1959]

IS INDIA WORTH SPECIAL AID?

(By William H. Stringer)

Is India worth a special foreign aid operation—as, for instance, Western Europe once was rescued by the Marshall plan?

Right now the spotlight is being focused on India by official Washington and by unofficial policy-pondering groups around the Nation. India, whose population equals that of Africa and Latin America combined, is in trouble. Perhaps India, trying to modernize by democratic methods—while Red China next door is using the police-state methods of communism—deserves a very special helping hand.

The time is fast approaching when Congress, and the American people, will need to decide whether the United States should take the leadership in a multigovernment underwriting of India's third 5-year plan to the tune of \$1 billion or \$1.5 billion a year.

Senator JOHN KENNEDY, Democrat, of Massachusetts, has proposed that a congressional contingent should tour Asia—similar to the congressional group which a representative by the name of Christian A. Herter once led to Europe in the pre-Marshall plan days, laying the basis for that aid program which so revitalized U.S. European allies.

Simultaneously Senator J. W. FULBRIGHT, Democrat, of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has proposed that Washington's new Development Loan Fund be augmented so that it can loan (not give away) up to \$1.5 billion a year, instead of \$700 million as now.

Similarly moving toward realistic appraisal and action is the convening in Washington this week of a 2-day conference on "India and the United States." This is arranged by the Committee for International Economic Growth, an organization embracing the National Planning Association, the MIT Center for International Studies and other groups, a committee originally sponsored by people like Dr. Milton Eisenhower, Gen. Lucius Clay, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gen. Alfred Gruenther, and George Meany.

Why should the United States give special attention to India? What is our stake here?

So far, India has had modest success in its efforts to achieve that breakthrough into better living standards which the industrial revolution brought to pass in Europe. Its first 5-year plan, aiming at agriculture, irrigation, and power generation, was a success. Its second 5-year plan, begun in 1956 and emphasizing industry, will miss full completion by 20 percent, due to the heavy import requirements which have drained off India's foreign exchange. To finish it at all, India will in the end have been assisted by foreign loans and credits totaling \$3 billion.

But now comes the third plan. Experts suggest it will require this annual guarantee of perhaps \$1 billion to \$1.5 billion a year from the West. Otherwise the plan cannot be adequate, India will be gripped by frustration and political instability, and the other underdeveloped lands—watching the rival experiments of India and Red China—will conclude that communism offers the only swift and sure route to rapid economic growth.

As of now, Communist China is forging ahead of India in economic development. It has nearly doubled food production, while India's has risen only 50 percent. China's rate of economic growth is faster. On the other hand, many of India's villagers are gaining in hope, in initiative, and in their status as free men—an advance which China's communists never will bring about.

Let us pose the issue on its broadest terms. We are challenged in Asia-Africa and specifically in India, as Barbara Ward said brilliantly in addressing this Washington conference, with the question whether Western ideals, institutions, and Christian humanity can be applied on a worldwide front. We

may not realize it, but it was certainly the application of these ideals, in the West, which curbed the excesses of the industrial revolution and finally proved Karl Marx totally wrong in his forecasts that capitalism would simply make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

But while this has produced the more abundant life for that 16 percent of humanity living mainly around the North Atlantic, who enjoy 70 percent of the world's income, it has yet to be applied to the vast underdeveloped areas of earth. Can Western ideals and institutions be applied worldwide? Or must the West get richer while Asia-Africa gets steadily poorer, and finally falls into the Communist camp?

This is worth pondering. It may give us the answer on special aid to India.

Texas' 36th Division Staged World's Greatest Jailbreak in Italy During World War II

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. RALPH W. YARBOROUGH

OF TEXAS

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Thursday, June 4, 1959

Mr. YARBOROUGH. Mr. President, although other world events crowded the breaking of the Nazi Alban Hills defenses out of World War II headlines, this feat by Texas' 36th Division—the famed "T-Patchers"—remains one of the dramatic stories of the time.

What makes it more remarkable is the speed, and particularly the silence, with which it was carried off. This began the Wehrmacht retreat that led to the liberation of Rome and the smashing of the Nazi defenses; it has been called the world's greatest jailbreak.

The men of the 36th went through where three American and a British unit had been unable to penetrate before. And their move enabled the Allies to break out of the Anzio Beachhead.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the RECORD an article by Kenneth L. Dixon which was published in the Houston (Tex.) Post for Sunday, May 31, 1959, under the heading: "Italy Breakthrough—36th Staged World's 'Greatest Jailbreak.'"

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Houston Post, May 31, 1959].

ITALY BREAKTHROUGH—36TH STAGED WORLD'S GREATEST JAILBREAK

(Kenneth L. Dixon was with Texas' 36th Division in World War II when it broke out of the Anzio beachhead. He is a former Associated Press staff writer and now is managing editor of the Lake Charles (La.) American Press. The following anniversary story of the breakout was written bit by bit in a Galveston hospital where Dixon is recuperating from an operation.)

(By Kenneth L. Dixon)

Fifteen years ago Saturday night a comparative handful of Texans—native and adopted—spearheaded what came to be known as "history's greatest jailbreak."

They broke the Allied troops out of Anzio beachhead after 4 months' imprisonment there, and they opened the road to Rome.

And they did it without firing a single shot—without a single cartridge in a single rifle barrel, for the work that night was done in silence, with knives, bayonets, homemade garrots, and a hand grenade only as a last resort.

Those men of the 36th (Texas) Infantry Division infiltrated the German Alban Hills defense lines, worked their way up and around the key town of Velletri and started a Wehrmacht retreat that became a rout long before it reached the Tiber.

It was a classic infiltration because of its silence, its success and its almost total lack of casualties. Yet it was doomed to obscurity for three reasons.

First, Fifth Army Commander Mark Wayne Clark did not believe in identifying individual units under his command. Second, Rome fell right on the heels of the operation. And third, the Normandy invasion came shortly after the fall of Rome—and the world forgot Italy.

But even had we known, none of that would have mattered to those of us dug in on top of the Alban Hills 15 years ago Saturday morning. We knew that had we dared to climb the trees we could have seen Rome—the first Axis capital doomed to fall. But mainly, we were still alive, and word over the walkie-talkie was that the weird, impossible maneuver was succeeding.

We had walked, climbed, skulked, crawled, and fought our way some 8 circuitous miles to gain the ridge, some 3 miles behind the German lines. And behind us, platoon by platoon and company by company, the entire 2d Battalion of the 142d Regiment had come, slowly spreading out after it crossed the combat line.

By dawn the entire regiment was in position—or near it—atop the ridge, and the next regiment was flanking its way up on our right. Before it was done, almost the full effective combat strength of the division had moved through a widening hole where, short hours earlier, a single rifleman could not have walked in safety.

Up there, at long last, we were looking down the Germans' throats, and they didn't know it yet. We turned and started down—and what fighting there was to be done was done.

For me it all started 24 hours earlier in the little stone cowbarn that served as division command post. Three American divisions and one British outfit had bloodied their noses against the Alban line and the word had gone out that the 36th had drawn the short straw for the next try.

Nobody gave the Texans much more of a chance than their luckless predecessors, but the 36th was almost like home to me by then—and besides, I heard that "Gen. Fred" had a plan. So I joined them.

Sure enough, Maj. Gen. Fred Walker—as fine a division commander as ever came up through the ranks from buck private—had a plan. It was the infiltration plan. Unfortunately (from the division's point of view) Lieutenant General Clark, the Army commander, also had a plan. It consisted of piling riflemen on metal sleds that looked like hog troughs on runners and hauling them behind tanks right up to the line.

I didn't like it. Besides the last time Generals Clark and Walker had disagreed on plans had been at the Rapido River. They had used Clark's with disastrous results.

Anyhow, I told General Walker if they used his plan I wanted to go along, but if they used General Clark's, I did not care for a sleigh ride in May. He just grinned a weary grin and said he was waiting for word from the corps commander, Maj. Gen. Lucian B. Truscott, who was trying to talk Clark into letting him use his plan.

Just then a jeep raced up to the cowbarn and Truscott jumped out, grinning from ear to ear, and ran over.

"It's all yours, Fred," he said. "It's all yours."

Within 30 minutes, word spread throughout the division that we were using "General Fred's plan" and you could feel the tension ease.

But nerves had tightened again an hour before dusk when we started a feint in a swing back away from the lines. The Germans could see every move from the hills.

They grew tighter as we swung back toward the combat line at dark. A sniper killed a lieutenant 5 yards in front of me. They caught the sniper, a man in civilian clothes. Two men took him back into the woods. There was a shot. They came out. The line moved on in silence.

At the checkpoint before crossing the combat line, the regimental commander—a raw-boned bemounted West Pointer—gave the orders tersely. Not a shot was to be fired. To make certain, all rifle barrels were to be cleared. Clips and magazines could be full, but not a cartridge in a rifle chamber.

"Get this clear," the colonel said, "one shot can ruin the whole operation. This is a night for knife work—knives, bayonets, bare hands, strangling any way you can. As a last resort, you can use a hand grenade; they may mistake it for an oncoming mortar. But they know the sound of our small arms. So clear those rifle barrels and keep 'em clear."

Faces fell as the order was passed along, but Lt. Col. Sam Graham, a former West Texas school teacher who had been acting commander of the outfit in more battles than most men had commanded it, got some laughs by saying the general had promised him they wouldn't run into more than one or two Germans at a time. "So who needs guns?" he cracked.

Graham's own Second Battalion—"the Mountaineers" of Mount Lungo and Todundo infiltration experience—were tabbed to lead the operation. The regimental intelligence and reconnaissance platoon was put at point—although I am sure there will be arguments about who was at point as long as two Velletri veterans survive. I stayed right behind the walkie-talkie man who followed the I. and R. Scouts. I figured that radio pack would stop a lot of bullets.

We moved out across the combat line. Although it was an impossible night to forget, it is a difficult night to remember in any intelligent sequence. It deteriorates into fragments and flashbacks.

We crawled and climbed almost as much as we walked. There was no smoking and no talking. Once after a brief halt, the man in front signaled to me and pointed. Over against a tree sat a German soldier, wearing two grins in the moonlight—a white one where his teeth were bared, and a red one 3 inches below. . . .

A planned fire fight broke out along the line to our left to distract German attention. It worked, but men got hit, and cries of "medic, medic," floated over to us. I heard a commotion and turned. Two men were struggling with an aid man who was trying to go. Finally he subsided and crawled along behind me but I heard him sobbing for what seemed a long time. . . .

Flares pinned us down in a vineyard. A dog held up the whole straggling line until one of the scouts silenced him. An I and R scout, sheathing his knife, said, "It must be safe here if you guys from regiment are along."

We passed one or two exhaustion cases, men who were gasping uncontrollably. Weariness became a nightmare. So did nervous strain. One man went berserk and had to be gagged until he calmed.

Just before dawn came a new crisis. To reach our assigned post we had to cross a clearing perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, and there was no time to crawl. We double-

timed it across, single file, feeling naked in the predawn light, but there were no shots.

So went the Velletri infiltration. When the Germans awoke to the fact that a full regiment was above and behind them, they panicked and headed out of Velletri and up the road to Rome. Those who didn't were captured or killed.

The rush to Rome was on. Except for delaying tactics, roadblocks, snipers and occasional resistance pockets, the back of the last German defense before Rome was broken.

And although I put the name of every Texan's hometown I could put into the story to give the folks back home a hint, fate was to prevent the 36th Division from ever getting full credit for history's greatest jailbreak—the Anzio beachhead breakout.

Fate treated them even worse at the moment. They got marched right on through the eternal city with order to catch up with the Germans.

Me? I got a confession to make.

I stayed a while in Rome.

The Passing of the "Voice of Firestone"

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

OF OREGON

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Thursday, June 4, 1959

Mr. NEUBERGER. Mr. President, good music is one of the sublime creations of the human race. For many years the "Voice of Firestone" has presented outstanding musical talent and musical numbers over the air waves—first on radio, later on television.

Now, after more than three decades on the air, the "Voice of Firestone" has been forced to relinquish its television time because it could not compete successfully—in the opinion of network business managers—with synthetic cowboy thrillers and come shows.

This is certainly a tragedy for television and a blow to people who are dedicated to good music. I join in mourning the passing of the "Voice of Firestone." I salute the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. for supporting and sustaining this excellent program for so long. May it soon return to our television screens and radios.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the Record an article mourning the passing of the "Voice of Firestone," written by John P. Shanley, and published in the New York Times on June 3, 1959.

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[From the New York Times, June 3, 1959]

TELEVISION: DEATH AT 31—"VOICE OF FIRESTONE," A VICTIM OF RATING, PRESENTS FINAL SHOW ON CHANNEL 7

(By John P. Shanley)

After 31 years on the air, the "Voice of Firestone" presented Monday night what may have been its final program.

The fate of the musical series was mentioned during a brief statement on the channel 7 telecast. Raymond C. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., reported unemotionally what had already been published: the sponsor, willing to continue but unable to find a suitable